

Prince Arthur Patrick's Arrival

AT OTTAWA,

BY REV. D. A. McD. DAWSON.

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Brightly, O brightly dawn auspicious day!
No gloom, no cloud, o'er all Columbia's land:
Great Arthur's son now claims the Poet's lay:
Let song prevail; loud ring each choral band!

Welcome, thrice welcome to the Western sky,
Prince Patrick Arthur! Hail Britannia's pride,
Ierne's hope! On Thee trusting rely
All Britons true, Celt, Saxon, side by side.

O happiest time! Ne'er yet such days have been
Since Brita'n's Arthur—Patriarch Monarch reigned,
Rome's Eagles basely flown, and wide was seen
Union all o'er with liberty regained.

Such, O Prince, our envied prosperous state;
Firm, 'neath the sway of Arthur's noblest heir,
United millions form a nation great,
Daring the hand that would their strength impair.

Welcome to these shores! Welcome from the Land
Of Agincourt, of Cressy and Poitiers.
We tell thee not of war and battles grand;
The conquests ours that cost no widow's tears.

No chivalry we boast or belted knight,
Nor bravest Barons of the good old time;
Yet, *dare* we for our land and ladies bright;
And liberty's the glory of our clime.

This noblest gift, O Prince, we firmly hold
With hands as strong as ever bore a sword
Its charter grand in hearts as leal and bold
As gave at Runnymede the magic word.

Feast ye, people, feast, as in Arthur's time,
When Barons free so nobly graced the board,
And stout retainers heard the joyous rhyme:
Let true men all expend the treasured hoard.

Feast, as when, round the Monarch's mountain throne,
The Northman strong, like lion couchant, sat,
And to the Mailed Southron oft was thrown,
In friendly grasp, the hand in war so great.

Let Minstrels all from Hudson's frozen zone
To Breton's Cape 'mid wild Atlantic's brine,
The strain to raise for great Victoria's son,
And his loyal soul in harmony combine.